E GRAND RIVER TIMES

VOLUME 1.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, JULY 2, 1851.

NUMBER 1.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY BARNS & ANGEL.

Office over H. Gaiffin's Store, Washington Street. Taken at the office, or forwared by Mail. . . . \$1,00.
Delivered by the Carrier in the Village. . . . 1,50.
One shaling in addition to the above will be charged for every three months that payment is

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the discretion of the publishers. TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, (12 lines or less,) first insertion, fifty cents, and tventy-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Ligal advertisements at the rates prescribed by lay. Yearly or monthly advertisements as follows:

1 square 1 month, \$1,00. | 1 square 1 year, \$5,00. | 1 column 1 ... 20,00. | 1 column 1 ... 20,00. | 1 ... 1 month, 5,00. Advertsements unaccompanied with writ-ten or verbal directions, will be published until or-

dered out, and harged for. When a postponement is added to an advertisement, the whole will be charged the some as for the first insertion. Letters relating to business, to receive attention, must be addressed to the publishers—post

Particular attention given to Blank Printing. Most kinds of Blanks in use, will be kept constantly on hand.

BUSINES DIRECTORY--1851.

HENRY GRIFFIN, Dealer in Staple and fancy Dry Goods Ready made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Grocer's, Hardware, Crockery and Glass, Drugs, Chemious, Medicines, Paints and Oils, and Provisions. Also, Lumber, Shingles, &c. &c. Opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven, Michigan.

WILLIAM M. TERRY, Dealer in Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceies, Provisions, Crockery, Medicines, Boots and Shoes, Water street, Grand Haven, Michigan

HOPKINS & BROTHERS, Storage, Forwarding & Commission mechants; general dealers in all kinds of Dry Good, Groceries, grain and provisions; manufactures and dealers wholesale and retail in all kinds (lumber, at Mill Point, Mich.

L. M. SMITH, Dear in Drugs, Medicines, &c. at Mill Point, Michian.

STEPHEN S. MO ROE, Physician and Surgeon. Office on Wahington Street, over J. T. Davis' Tailor Shop.

LEVI SHACKLET N. Wholesale and Retail dealer in Groceries, Provisions and Liquors.— First door above HiPennoyer's. Washington Street, Grand Haven Hichigan.

SIMON SIMENOE, Dealer in Groceries and Provisions. Washinton Street, second door East of the Ottawa Huse.

OTTAWA HOUSE, & HENRY PENNOYER.— This House is well fitte and furnished, and the proprietor is confident pat visitors will find accommodations agreeale, and terms satisfactory.

WASHINGTON HOBE, By EDGERLY & Os-good. The propriers have the past Spring newly fitted and part re-furnished this House, and feel confident vitors will find the House to compare favorabl with the best in the State.

WILLIAM TELL, OTEL, By HARRY Ea-TON. Pleasantly stated with excellent rooms well furnished, and he table abundantly sup-plied with the luxues and substantials of life.

WILLIAM ORIE Boot and Shoemaker .-Boots and Shoes nely repaired, and all orders promtly attended to Washington street, Grand Haven, Michigan.

A. H. VREDENBUG, Boot and Shoemaker.

Shop over Wm. M. rry's store, Water street. CHARLES W. HATA WAY, Blacksmith. All kinds of work in mone done with neatness and dispatch at my shor Mill Point, Michigan.

JOHN T. DAVIS, rehant Tailor. Shop on Washington Street, st door west of H. Grif-

HOYT G. POST, Ck of Ottawa County. Office over H. Griffinstore, opposite the Washington House. WILLIAM N. ANEL, Register of Deeds, for

Ottawa County. Ge over H. Griffin's store opposite the Wash ton House. HENRY PENNOER, Treasurer of Ottawa County. Office at a Ottawa House, corner of Washington and Ver streets.

ASA A. SCOTT, criff of Ottawa County.-Office over H. Grifs store, opposite the Washington House.

J UST rec'd at Gri's, Old Java and Rio coffee, Y. H., H. S., Bls, and Gun powder teas, pure juice wine, and und terated brandy for medical use only; Cuba sug and molasses, loaf, powdered and crushed sug; Eben. Goodwins Sarsaparilla; mixed and pred tobacco, Oronoke, Cavendish and common g tobacco, bulk, and paper smoking tobacco; 1, nails; 7×9, 8×10 and 10×14 glass; putty, chawhiting, white lead, red lead, and other paints, sits turpentine, alcohol, sallad and other paints, sts turnentine, alcohol, sallad oil, Lemon syrup r. Osgood's chologogue, Dr. Moffatt's Life Pillad bitters, opium, camphor, Caster oil, Quinines, raisins, nuts, spices, &c. &c., and win be sold forth or ready pay at the lowest possible pieces. 1 Grand Haven June 20, 1851.

A LL WOOL, rish Carpets for sale cheap at GRIFFIN'S.

12, 14 & 15 inch er. Mill saw files, at GRIFFIN'S.

W. M. Rowland's on foot mill saws, with teeth filed for use. Ferry's Pattern" for sale by W.M. M. FERRY.

DR. S. Sawyer's Extract of bark, a cure for the Fever & A at WM. M. FERRY'S. WISTAR'S Bals of Wild Cherry for diseases of the lungs Wm. M. Ferry's.

M AYNARD & No & Davis & Blacks, superior writing ink for at WM. M. FERRY'S. READY Made Clog, Summer styles, for sale WM. M. FERRY'S.

A N assortment ooks for sale at LEVI SHACKLETON'S.

HOUSE AND LOOR SALE.—The subscri-bar intending ave Grand Haven, offers at a bargain his hound lot, fronting the river, on the high ground the of Eaton's Hotel, and commanding a fine very of the river and lake Michigan. The prof including the Ball Alley adjoining, is well casted for a public house, or boarding establishmend with little expense can be made to account as many travelers or

Half hid among the silken grass,

Beneath an aged willow's shade, Beside a milk-white marble Cross,

A little mossy mound arose,
Alone amid that quiet spot,
To mark where, in her last repose,
Lay one by all but one forgot. She was a beauteous Indian maid. Who here, long years ago, had died, And here, by him she loved, was laid, To sleep the murmuring brook beside.

INDIAN MAIDEN'S GRAVE.

BY C. C. TORREY.

And quivering aspens softly sighed, The hawthorne bloomed, and willows laved Their branches in the chrystal tide.

The moonlight through the trembling leaves,

On which the moon beams sweetly played,

Spangled the earth with silvery light, The evening mist, in airy wreaths, Hung oe'r the brook a mantle bright.

Beside a brook whose pensive tone
Broke the deep stillness of the dell,
As over rock and smooth-worn stone,
Its limpid waters gently fell,

Majestic oaks their branches waved,

-But now it was the noon of night, When from a cavern's gloomy span, Stole forth into the moon's pale light A haggard, lean, infirm old man.

His white hair floating in the breeze, With tottering steps and downcast look, Emerging from beneath the trees, His way toward the grave he took.

And meekly, on the midnight air, To Him who all our sorrows felt, Poured out a humble fervent prayer,— That she who won his earliest love, Though unbaptized and unconfessed, Might find with him a home above,

And there before the Cross he knelt,

And spend with him an endless rest. And thus, 'tis said, for many a year, Mid summer's dews and winter's snow Each midnight hour has found him there, To pray for her who sleeps below.

THE WATCHER.

In a dark room, in a ruined and wretched house, in one of the most filthy districts of a great city, a mother sat watching her sleeping babe. The infant was lying on a hard pallet on the floor, and the mother was sitting beside it on a broken chair, plying her needle with eager haste, and occasionally pausing to look down at her babe or to kiss it as it lay asleep. The child was pale and sickly, and in the close, offensive air of the room it seemed to breathe painfully and to inhale, with every pulse of its tender heart, the insidious principles of death and dis-solution. But not less pale and wan was the mother, who sat there watching; her features wore that blanched, unearthly hue, while a strange upward light was playing in her eyes, which spoke but too plainly that death was breathing on her. The room was lonely-very lonelyfor there were no pictures to adorn its walls, scarcely any articles of common domestic use within it; it was tare, almost unfurnished, dismal, and cold. The mother was engaged in making shifts, and the price which she received for them averaged two-pence-half-penny each; and it is said that by extraordinary exertions for 20 hours out of twenty-four, the sum of three shillings may be earned weekly at such labor. Well, the pale care-worn suffering mother continued to stitch, stitch, anxiously from hour to hour, leaving off now and then to take her dying baby in her arms and to press it fondly to her breast, until the tide of her heart's affection came stealing forth in tears; and recollecting that the next meal for herself and child must be earned by the continued labor of her jaded hands, she placed the infant on its bed, and again resumed her

Thus many hours had passed in a silence broken only by the low mounining of the child, as it turned to and fro in the feeble expression of ong-continued anguish, and the deep sighs of the mother as she gazed anxiously upon its fevered face, and saw the stamp of want and misery there in an expression akin to the imbecility of years. At length the babe awoke, and the mother took it tenderly into her arms; she pressed it to her breast and kissed the cold dew from from its forehead. And now she began to prepare her humble meal, she placed a few sticks of wood in the stove and lighted them, and placed an old broken kettle half filled with water upon them; and then arranged two cups and saucers on a small tray, and took a portion of a loaf from a shelf above. While waiting for the water to boil she gave her child some food; and she had scarcely begun to do this when a heavy and unsteady step was heard upon the threshold; her heart leaped with fear, and she trembled like a moonlight shadow. A creature somewhat in the semblance of a man staggered into the room, and threw himself down upon the pallet where the child had just been sleeping.

"Charles, Charles, do not, for God's sake treat me thus," said the mother of the child, and she sobbed loudly, and was steeped in tears.

The man scowled upon her from beneath the broken brim of a slouched hat, and in a low fiendish growl, cursed her. His clothes had been respectable in their time, but now were tattered and slovenly, and his face wore the savage wildness and vacancy of long-continued dissipation.

"I came home to ask you for money, so give me what you've got, and let me go, for I havn't done drinking yet," said he, while the devil-like glare of his eyes seemed to pierce the poor mother to the soul.

"I spent my last penny to buy my child some food, I know not where to get another; you have never wanted a meal while I could work, and my poor fingers are wasted to the bone, by midnight labor and the want of bread, and my poor child is wasting away before my face, while you, forgetting all the ties that bind a father to his offspring, or a husband to his wife, take the very bread from me and my babe, to waste it in drunkenness; oh, Charles, you loved me once, but you are killing me now, and my poor dear child.

"You howling, canting hypocrite, give me some money and let me go," bawled the intoxibe made to accomplete as many travelers or cated brute, and with a sweep of his hand, as he boarders as any in thace—a clear title given.

For terms which be very low, apply to the subscriber, or at this c.

Grand Haven.

W. W. KANOUSE.

Solved the index place where death had so lately been; and that although she sat before him with the sleeping infant in her arms, while he was too brutalized by drink to know that that sleep was one from

babe to the opposite end of the room, and cow- which it would never more awake, and that ered down in fear. "Do you hear, or do you her own terror made her speechless when she (from 1818 to 1833,) justice was administered want me to murder you?" and he rose from would have told him; all this was a torrent of in the courts without much show, parade or cerwhere he sat and reeled toward her; shrinking sorrow, before whose overbearing force her winand shivering as she bent over her babe, she tered heart gave way, and she sunk down upon pressed its almost lifeless body to her heart, and the floor, with the dead babe in her arms, sensewhen he stood above her, she looked up in his face in the agony of despair, and implored in the mute utterance of her tear-worn eyes for wasted her silent soul to sweeter worlds, Far jurors. At the first circuit court in Washington mercy. But he did not strike her, although she away from her cold and solitary room, far away county, held by judge John Reynolds, on the was indeed well used to that, but he put out his from hunger, wretchedness, and tears; far away opening of the court, the sheriff went out into was indeed well used to that, but he put out his from hunger, wretchedness, and tears; far away hand and taking from her bosom a locket, which had been a dear sister's gift, and the last thing the despair of withered love, her spirit wander-our John is going to hold court." left her but her babe and death, staggered to the ed in that peaceful dream. From earth, as from door, and, after looking back with a menancing a wilderness of ashes, her willing spirit went upand brutal expression of his savage features, left her. Although he was gone she moved not, but sat wailing like a dove whose nest has been beclapped its wings for joy, and felt within it the locking questions of law. They did not like the responsibility of offending one or the other of clapped its wings for joy, and felt within it the reft of that which made life dear, and sobbing loudly in her grief she looked upon her child, and saw the tokens of pain and want upon its meagre face, and could feel the throbbing of its little heart becoming more and and more feeble, from hour to hour, as the shadow of its life was waning.

She kissed it when its low cry startled her in galaxies of living and rejoicing worlds, and to and it became his unpleasant duty to pronounce the midnight silence, and hushed it again to embrace happiness as its long-sought boon.— sentence upon the culprit. sleep, for it wanted food and that she had not. Through flowery pastures, and falling waters, The morning came but it was still night to her, perfumed gardens, and star-lighted solitudes and the darkness of her woe sat hovering over where the soul of music dwelt and lived amid her frail soul like the shadow of a great but si-lent misery. She hurried on in the dehrium of er's new-born soul wandered in its freedom, for-creek to know that it is not I that condemns you. ished child. Intense suffering, long watching, tering beauty where troops of cherubim were hunger, cold, and crue ty had blanched a cheek worshiping their God; and from the midst of a which had been more fair than snow, and had soft bed of twilight flowers arose an angel host carved wrinkles, like those of age, upon a youth- of babes, soaring in their wantonness of joy to ful brow; death hovered over her like a ghastly higher regions of the azure air, and singing their is made, and I am ready at any time the court shadow, not to her-as to those in comfort-ter- simple songs in harmony together. From all pleases. rible, but welcome. And thus from hour to hour the gleaming lights afar came dulcet harpings have been ever ready to defend her, deeming its trance of wonder, and cried aloud "my child, weeks comes on Sunday." The clerk looked as nothing too severe, nothing too difficult, which my child, and my husband, where, where are

death, she knew it not.

there is no waking. She kissed its cold wasted of destruction. And the prayer went upward, form, and bathed its little marble face with her scalding tears.

murdered by its father's hand, the victim of his wife and child. They spoke not, moved not; cruelty; oh, Father of all, Father of the wicked he stooped to touch, but recoiled in horror, for and good, take my poor babe to thy fostering bo- both of them were dead. The mother in her som, and let me die too, for my last hope is gone sweet dream, had glided into the blissful eventhe last link of my heart's affection is broken; ing land, and he, the destroyer of a wife and Father of mercies, listen to the supplications of child, now felt in all the piercing agony of sin a childless mother!"

heart like an icy flood, and every pulse is with-ered, as with a bleak and desolating frost; she him, and he gasped for breath. He had wanholds her breath, and with her dead child in her dered into wicked paths, he had blighted a genarms, crouches down in the corner on the floor, the heart by cruelty and neglect, he had wasted and in the silence of despair and terror asks her his own child's meal in drunkenness and vil-God to bless and protect her, and to soften his lainy, while it lay on its mother's breast perheart in such an awful moment as this. He came ishing for want of food. He felt all the terto the threshold of the room, and fell prostrate rors of remorse, and hell seemed gaping beneath on the floor, he attempted to approach her; he him! He arose and wept, and the first tear he was too much intoxicated to rise, and there he shed was carried by invisible hands upward to lay muttering, in broken and inarticulate words that world of peace, as a sacrifice of penitence the most horrible oaths and imprecations. The to the kneeling spirit of a mother. He wandermother spake not, for although, even then she ed away in silence, and where he went were the could have prayed for him in her heart, and falling tears which spoke, in accents eloquent blessed him with her tongue; ay, and still labor and true, the silent utterance of his repentant for him with her hands, if by such she could heart. win back the old love which had made her youthful hours glad, and which had spread the rosy atmosphere of hope before her; but which was now a thing of silent memory, of sadness, and of

Thus passed away the morning, and at noon the drunkard arose from where he lay, and again few half-pence from her pocket, and he snatched them from her and departed.

To know that he had gone to procure the poiaon on which he fed, with this last remnant of the midnight toil, and when his child lay dead within its mother's arms; to know that for the veriest morsel she must toil again sleepless and famished, and with the withered blossom of her heart's broken hope beside her; to know that the last office of affection, the burial of the child, must be performed by those who cared for neither her nor it, and who would desecrate, by the vile touch of parochial charity, that which had been more dear to her than her own life; to know that all her joys were wasted now, and that

And night came, and she laid her child down on her spirit went in calm and holy majest.

On and on her spirit went in calm and holy majest.

On and on her spirit went in calm and holy majest.

This same judge presided at a court and from day to day, that mother labored for her of angelic wings, and all things in that sweet sweet peace which comes to the aching heart ed and tended in the dark winter of her earthly when it can for a time forget its sorrows; and sorrow, now wearing the same smile which gladbetter too, perhaps, for her, for her babe was dy- dened her amid the gloom, but holier, fairer, and ing, and in the unconsciousness of temporary freed from all the traces of want and suffering. The spirits of the mother and the babe embrac-She awoke at last, for even the forgetfulness ed each other in the wild joy of this happy meetso dear to the wounded spirit will have an end, ing, and the mother's spirit knelt before the and the grim bitter realities become palpable heaven-built temple of light which arched once more; and as consciousness returned she above, and offered the incense of its prayers for was startled from her partial dream by the icy him whose wickedness of heart had steeped her chill which fell upon her when she touched her earthly days in bitterness; but who was yet to face in the maddening agony of despair, "my memory of a trusting love. Her earnest spirit, child, my child, oh, my child!" she cried, and tore in the gush of its awakened affection for the her hair in frenzy. Now she became more calm, child of her bosom, called upon its God to have and turned round to look upon the babe whose mercy upon him, and to snatch his soul from the soul had passed into that better sleep from which | blackness of its guilt and the impending terrors

The drunkard staggered to the wretched home, "Oh, my child," she sobbed, "my poor child, and reeling into the silent room gazed upon the and shame, the scorpion stings of conscience. That step! and the blood goes back to her He fell upon his knees and prayed for mercy

BE GOOD NATURED.-People are naturally good natured, when they are brought up well, and have no more right to be surly and sour than they have to swear, lie, or steal. We do love a pleasant, happy face; and whenever we meet one, it gladdens us like a gleam of bright sun-shine in April. A cross, crabbed face is a dreaddemanded what money she had; she gave him a ful sight. We suppose Hades is filled with such countenances. It mars our happiness to meet a man looking as if he thought the devil had a lien on him, and was about to foreclose the mortgage. We know business, cares, anxieties, perplexities, broken promises, debts and duns, are rather unpleasant comforters sometimes, but cheer up and bear a brave heart and a joyous conntenance; men of sound heads and stout hearts push ahead, and never be discouraged at obstacles, and you will work out your own salvation from all these difficulties, and rejoice with us in your own success.

> Lord Rochester in his last illness would frequently lay his hand on the Bible and say:-"There is true philosophy, there is wisdom that sed to the captain. The same distant speaketh to the heart. A bad life is the only run in seven hours and fifty minutes. grand objection to the book."

AN ACCOMMODATING JUDGE .- In those days

This was the proclamation for opening the

This same judge presided at a court in which to rest, and again sat working and watching. | land. It seemed to bathe in bliss amid bright a man named Green was convicted for murder,

He called the prisoner up and said to him: Mr. Green, the jury say you are guilty of murder, and the law says you are to be hung. I extreme weakness that she might complete the getting all the pangs and tears it had so lately would you like to be hung? The law allows

time for your preparation."

Mr. Green said: "May it please your honor I am ready at any time; those who kill the body have no power to kill the soul. My preparation

The judge replied: "Mr. Green, it is a very serious matter to be hung; it can't happen to a lonely child, while he, whose heart should have dream-land of beauty told of the joy which falls man but once in his life, and you had better take beat with the devotion of love for her whom upon the virtuous soul. The spirit of the mo- all the time you can get. Mr. Clerk, look at he had sworn to cherish, and whose hand should ther, dazzled and amazed till now, awoke from the almanac, and see whether this day four could bring food and comfort to a woman's they?" and she sank upon a gleaming bed of pur- on Thursday. "Then," said the judge, "Mr. constant heart, came only to rob her of her pled blooms, and from the odorous sighing of Green, the court will give you until this day four last morsel, and to add fresh agonies to her almost withered soul by imprecations and curses.

One most withered soul by imprecations and curses.

It is a snowy and said, "May it please the Court, on occasions n cold and hunger, she became too weak to la- cloud and in the midst she sees her darling babe of this sort, it is usual for courts to pronounce bor more, and nature faltered. She stooped to clapping its little hands in laughing glee, and a formal sentence; to remind the prisoner of his kiss her babe and to ask a blessing on its head overjoyed once more to meet her. Oh, what perilous condition; to reprove him for his guilt, from Him whose benedictions come even to the sorrowful and needy, and as she bent down above its little shadowy form, her sorrows over-child whom she deemed was lost; and if such "Oh, Mr. Turney, Mr. Green understands the whelmed her, and she fell down beside her child joy awake within the soul amid all the harsh re- whole matter, he knows he has got to be hung; and fainted. With none to aid and soothe her alities of earth, how much more so in the spir- you understand it, Mr. Green, don't you?"—
with none to nourish her in her distress of it's home, where nothing but the peaceful tho't "Yes," said the prisoner. "Then, Mr. Sheriff, heart, and no kind hand to minister to the poor watcher in that hour of affliction, she lay in that was her own babe, the bud of hope she had nurs- court." [St. Louis Republican.

GREAT YOUNG MEN .- Don John of Austria won at the age of twenty-five, the greatest battle of modern times: had it not been for the jealousy of Philip, the next year he would have been Emperor of Mauritana. Gaston de Foix was only twenty-two w..en he stood a victor on the plains of Ravenna. Every one remembers Conde and Rocroy at the same age. Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight. Look at his captains; that wonderful Duke of Weimar, or child. She shricked wildly, and fell upon her her the token of a youthful hope, and the living all his miracles, died at forty-five. Cortes was thirty-six, when he died. Banier himself, after a little more than thirty when he gazed upon the golden cupola of Mexico. When Maurice of Saxony died at thirty-two, all Europe acknowledged the loss of one of the greatest captains and profoundest statesmen of the age. Then there is Nelson and Clive-but these are warriors, and perhaps you may think there are greater things than war. I do. I worship the Lord of Hosts. But take the most illustrious achievements of civil prudence. Innocent III., the greatest of Popes, was the despot of Christendom at thirty-seven.

John de Medici was a cardinal at fifteen and Giucciardina tells us, baffed with his state craft Frederick of Arragon himself. He was Pope, as Leo X, at thirty-seven; take Ignatus Lovola and John Wesley; they worked with young brains. Ignatius was only thirty when he made his pilgrimage, and wrote the "Spiritual Exer-Paspal wrote a great work at sixteen, the greatest of Frenchmen, and died at thirtyseven, which reminds me of Byron, greater even as a man, than a writer.

Was it experience that guided the pencil of Raphael, when he painted the palaces of Rome? He died, too, at thirty-seven. Richelieu was secretary of State at the age of thirty-one. Well, then, there is Bolingbrooke and Pitt, both ministers before other men leave off the cricket .-Grotius was in great practice at seventeen, an attorney general at twenty-four. And Acquiviva was general of the Jesuits-ruled every cabinet in Europe, and colonized America before he was thirty-seven. But it is needless to multiply instances. The history of heroes is the history of youth. Exchange.

CHOLIC IN HORSES .- Cholic in horses is readily cured by tying a small piece of tobacco on the bit of his bridle. The cure is effected when the tobacco is dissolved in the saliva. We have seen several horses cured in this way when swelled up badly and in great agony. [Ex.

John Adams was a practical business man, and a careful husbander of time. The following entry appears in his diary, recently published: "Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. All spent in absolute idleness, or, which is worse, gallanting the girls!"

Why are potatoes and wheat like the idols of old? Because they have eyes and see not, ears have they and hear not.

Thirty-five years ago, a crack steamer ran from New York to Albany in twenty-three hours, and complimentary resolutions were passed to the captain. The same distance is now

The best court of equity, is a good conscience. ty; good remedies, but bad recreations.